



John Ashbery

BREEZEWAY

MALAGA

NEW POEMS

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JOHN ASHBERY

Breezeway

NEW POEMS

ecco

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FOR DAVID KERMANI

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Rendering poetry in a digital format presents several challenges, just as its many forms continue to challenge the conventions of print. In print, however, a poem takes place within the static confines of a page, hewing as close as possible to the poet's intent, whether it's Walt Whitman's lines stretching to the margin like Route 66, or Robert Creeley's lines descending the page like a string tie. The printed poem has a physical shape, one defined by the negative space that surrounds it—a space that is crafted by the broken lines of the poem. The line, as vital a formal and critical component of the form of a poem as metaphor, creates rhythm, timing, proportion, drama, meaning, tension, and so on.

Reading poetry on a small device will not always deliver line breaks as the poet intended—with the pressure the horizontal line brings to a poem, rather than the completion of the grammatical

unit. The line, intended as a formal and critical component of the form of the poem, has been corrupted by breaking it where it was not meant to break, interrupting a number of important elements of the poetic structure—rhythm, timing, proportion, drama, meaning, and so on. It's a little like a tightrope walker running out of rope before reaching the other side.

There are limits to what can be done with long lines on digital screens. At some point, a line must break. If it has to break more than once or twice, it is no longer a poetic line, with the integrity that lineation demands. On smaller devices with enlarged type, a line break may not appear where its author intended, interrupting the unit of the line and its importance in the poem's structure.

We attempt to accommodate long lines with a hanging indent—similar in fashion to the way Whitman's lines were treated in books whose margins could not honor his discursive length. On your screen, a long line will break according to the space available,

with the remainder of the line wrapping at an indent. This allows readers to retain control over the appearance of text on any device, while also indicating where the author intended the line to break.

This may not be a perfect solution, as some readers initially may be confused. We have to accept, however, that we are creating poetry e-books in a world that is imperfect for them—and we understand that to some degree the line may be compromised. Despite this, we've attempted to protect the integrity of the line, thus allowing readers of poetry to travel fully stocked with the poetry that needs to be with them.

—Dan Halpern, Publisher

THE DREAM OF A RAREBIT FIEND

The fifty-foot old masterpiece, that awful necklace, is that good for you? I mean, do you like it any better? Treestumps?

Oh, Mr. Salteena, dear, it's good before anything else is. We're not opening today. Her intentional steel embrace scuttled it. Which is not to say you're not to proceed. On the contrary, we like you more than when we were at school, we and they. There are good times in everybody's satchel, nor do we all get a free pass. That would be a split decision, as they call it. How else is the planned brotherhood to float forward?

Watch her—she'll donate a medal to the crowd for a flag. It's why we call each other members. If we can get this stuff out of here, a little bit more power in the shins will come to seem appropriate. That's your cue. Don't let on I was here, helping with the tables sometimes. Ah it was awful the way they rushed him, past us and a few stragglers. We had been told to meet up with destiny at a corner of the fairgrounds, a pearl in fragments. It's so fun. A dollop here, a mess of particles there. Not everyone sees it as you do, which is right for them, no matter what territory they own and at times wander back to, unthinking, forgetting if a lurid sky can be just one thing, or under certain conditions definitive.

Why I never ...

THE SAD THING

He has a lazy father in Minnesota.

I hope you never have to do this
in life, with its crazy little
darkened

rooms. People are standing, an
accurate jumble. *Famille rose*
happy campers.

And if the water tastes funny, she
must be pretty young. That
came from a tree.

CHINESE FIRE DRILL

OK, I said it. Sarabande. A dance no one dances anymore. Except maybe in heaven, where they don't have better things to do. These clucks behind a fence ... Now, of course, I'll have passed it on differently. They're here, instead of just wondering what they're doing. Gotta keep the red onion.

You move a lot in a cab. Not to stand up and eat their community. A few scheduling disasters later the daughters came down to lift us off the shore. We were branded with the name Lot. The waves beat them to it. We renounced our offshore inheritance. Oh, what difference does it make when the most mutable among us augment the mystery beyond all proportion, so as to accept the thanks that ingratitude inevitably trails in its wake. For whatever reason.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD AUROCH LIKES THIS

Will research tell us tomorrow
of normal morals? Take a
 Brooklyn family
in fracture mode, vivid,
energizing, throbs to the earlobes.
 Thanks
to a snakeskin toupee, my grayish
 push boots
exhale new patina/prestige.
 Exeunt the Kardashians.
Exit the emergency room. A nifty
 looking broad
goes up to a goofy guy. (There's the
 leader with its bow.)
Well, I wouldn't do it instantly. I'll
 bring you some,
uh, and well I'm dried.

Antique mud wrestlers shape up
for the last time, no scuttling of
vain things
left undone. When you get back
I'll just
hit another menu, safe as a can of
soup
in a mini-mart.
Saw you first on *Masterpiece
Theater*.
I used to climb right in. That was
funny yet unbidden.
When you were alive they called
him a stooge.
My voice to young adolescents is
like, whom d'ya know,
hiding their accomplishments in
bread?

Will keep on looking for birds of
prey.

Sunbonnet Sue ought to be
learning/lurking
flinging bridges across enormous
spaces, the way
the Druids did. Perhaps Ottomans,
now
that they've shrunk.

Mine's the control and I must deal
with it.

Had a little discussion, benches
throughout for safety.

We walked all the way here in the
eighteenth century.

Century of closures! I'm not sure
of that though.

Begin marinating and be out of
here a whole bunch.

O melted butter! The devalued son
looks up other people's
calisthenics, like that's going to
change anything,
close himself to waking up, bodies
not noticed.

As for the father, well, he'll
become hybrid, like most of us,
who you walk along in grayness,
against.

The salt has lost its savior.
J'accuse.

DANS LE MÉTRO

*Miracle sans nom à la station
Javel ...*

CHARLES TRENET, “Y a d’la joie”

We got in on the bottom line
at Duck Alley. Ten feet of onions to
hoe
and a disruptive sneeze blew in
from the Sissy Isles. What I hope
to say ...
What I hope to say is, out here
west
of the water tower, waggish,
resourceful,
you hardly walk away anymore.

At one of the president's meetings
(Miss Hazel to you) to oppose the
new constitution
I thought you'd like to know about
the pictures
of the babysitter. Tragic annals,
rife again.
I was thinking of Tuesday night
and none
of the background. I hope he feels
good.

Late in the house, watched by my
grandmother's
permanent low-grade calceolarias,
sure
to come back breathless ... It's all
set up.
Strangers at a concession may find
they
missed the onion maze phase of
the celebrity mash-up.

The open system showing its age,
they said.

WHEREVER YOUR SUN TAKES YOU

Holy Grail, Batman! Can't *you* see
it?

Ice cream fell on his arm when I
went to explore
and found students reading
papers. Please
join the opera about interesting
things.

Congressman, I was one of the
reasons the troubled
muse shuns its classical heritage.
A positive negative voice.
Russell Weed said to read it,
and that's my weakness now.

What

kind of machine
instructs his stiffening member?
That would help. I don't think I
know who he is.
Like a disoriented codfish, the
drive's
out to get me. Did I mention
cockchafer's?
I was quite different then,
guilty of changing the money.
Look, I—

Thanks. So you can do this at
home,
on a whoopee calendar. But don't
do that.

Sleeping
with naked eyebrows, they didn't
realize they weren't
modern. And such was the result.
But he never forgot that day on
the water.
That, and mutability issues.
Capisce?

I *was* quite different then.
Yes, I just remembered.
She's going to be brutally named
after you.
His shadow is on the other door.
What you see is what you get,
neither
more nor less, but shapely.

Ratcheting up the task forces,
he'd hate yours.
Tell me. I'd assumed you were a
doctor,
and it wasn't just the beautiful
and exacting places.
Worries, I had a few, but
everything looked distinct
in his calm lens. I kind of forgot
why I was coming,
what I wanted to say, in Indian
August especially.

Ripe stairs, staggered deaths,
board of humiliation, and they
come in here—
the Ice Saints, big time tumblers.
She hardly touched her dinner:
routine evangelism,
full of the luck we had just
inherited,
the uncrazy things that happened
on your doorstep.

THE WELKIN

We're patching up an agreement
today.

The insides won't let us. I sent you
copies

by return mail anytime soon.

We came to a long Q and A period,
to which dreams are the smutty
alternative.

Of these by far the most startling
(not to be tedious) combat
greasiness

from Calexico to Texarkana, a
splash

on everything they do. They can't
fit it in.

I long to talk with some old lover's
ghost.

I don't try to understand anything
except our hat should be annoyed.

The shoreline goo stretched far
away,

struggled to be determined
at least several times.

CITY OF BOUNCERS

There's the speed of golden ivy,
the city wing. A hundred this
weekend
having wonderful meeting, not
slamming,
substantiated enough.

Where
there's feet,
the not-so-air-conditioned gent in
the foyer
invites you to a chop-busting. That
will
patch up today's industrious pose
till the paint dries. Yes, and what
about *you*
and your project? Afraid it'll grow
beyond
the sustainable frontier, just like
your Maw
warned you back in the day, when
sisters
alighted from planes looking
breezy and collected?

It came up before the present
house.

I grew up there. The ground was
still broken

around it. Have a dish from the
legacy.

You're going to be good with that.

Ever since he took those vitamins
a gag order

without any support for these
made five in the back seat.

They say it's infectious—
work stoppage, invisible mending
afoot

that is a circa gritty one
backing through town,
allowed to have lunch if they
don't want it.

Once-dirty glasses. Summit Valley.
I can't tell the doctor about it.

A BREAKFAST RADISH

Whatever we're dealing with
catches us
in mid-reconsideration. It's
beautiful,
my lord, just not made to be
repeated,
that's all.

Counterterrorists have already
invaded parts of England
and Spain. Your action dollar at
work.

Deception figures in quite a few
precious things,
although, as I say, it's a small
remnant
of what others have achieved to
avoid being singed.

We have a special on revenge
tragedy.
March is going to be a heavier day.
The girls talked about getting
ready.
When they do, in this or that glen,
looks can be deceiving, he shared.

Putting it on the take with the
haircut

I just limned, the event horizon
ought to be in fine shape by
tomorrow.

Look, we just want to cancel our
order.

Is that such a big deal, Danny boy?

Alas if that were only all.
There's the children's belongings
to be looked to
if only one can find the direction
needed
and stuff like that.
I said we were all homers not
homos
but my voice dwindled in the roar
of Hurricane Edsel.
We have to live out our precise
experimentation.
Otherwise there's no dying for
anybody,
no crisp rewards.

BREEZEWAY

Someone said we needed a
breezeway
to bark down remnants of super
storm Elias jugularly.
Alas it wasn't my call.
I didn't have a call or anything
resembling one.
You see I have always been a
rather dull-spirited winch.
The days go by and I go with them.
A breeze falls from a nearby
tower,
finds no breezeway, goes away
along a mission to supersize red
shutters.

Batman came out and clubbed me.
He never did get along with my
view of the universe
except you know existential
threads
from the time of the peace beaters
and more.
He patted his dog Pastor Fido.
There was still so much to be
learned
and even more to be researched.
It was like a goodbye. Why not
accept it,
anyhow? The mission girls came
through the woods
in their special suitings. It was all
whipped cream and baklava.
Is there a Batman somewhere,
who notices us
and promptly looks away, at a
new catalog, say,
or another racing car expletive
coming back at Him?

LISTENING TOUR

We were arguing about whether
NBC
was better than CBS. I said CBS
because it's smaller and had to
work
harder to please viewers. You
didn't
like either that much but
preferred
smaller independent companies.
Just then an avalanche flew
overhead, light blue against the
sky's determined violet. We
started to grab our stuff but
it was too late. We segued ...

And in another era the
revolutions
were put down by the farmers,
working together with the
peasants
and the enlightened classes. All
benefited in some way. That was
all I had to hear.
Whatever ...

HAND WITH A PICTURE

Here's what we haven't done yet.
I'll remember that morning
temperature.
Meanwhile I'm cautiously
optimistic.

That afternoon in bed
on the big farm
was one of those times,
whether we need it.

The hem of her story in the edge,
funny loaves to wash it down
with,
too much or too little sleep—
do we have any place to sit?

I haven't even got time to talk to
you yet.
Saw vision ahead of me. Yes I can't
find it now,
the work history. What's it called?

Do you want us to eliminate
the few times it makes me feel
great?

In ways that you don't know?

Neither
conspicuously handsome nor
precisely plain, the ego
seemed to dote on its
imperfections,
giggling at thunderstorms,
at balding consciousness.

I know just how you must feel
about it.

I'm outta here.

News every day, or distressing
silences.

A dish in a respected room.

The one who was coming back,
arguing

back and forth, hit the wrong
bathroom—

A power hugely shifting at bottom
to wander on that floor ...

A GREETING TO MY BROTHERS AND SOME OF MY BROTHERS-IN-LAW

The chic flatness of memory
takes the arctic brotherhood to
task.

Where'd you get it at?

Don't think of it yet.

Awake in the shadow of the
school's cactus garden

you have ALL of the handcuffs,
bracelets, whatever,
like the exploding manhole covers
of Skopje.

How open was it?
To here a former first lady,
the victims were visited too and
down there for ten days without a
punchline.
He's only got seven kids and none
of these are tea drinkers.
Restrictions led the way,
then grunge too passed, leaving a
dimpled wake
much prized by amateurs.
What to reoffer? Wow.
Suddenly a giant snowflake
pierced the trellis
thirty-five minutes ago, trapped in
honey.

So.
You've been asleep
because he remembers it.
Now I'm supposed to be here.

LEAF, RESTING

What do you insist.
I'm so happy that
it was then that
a lot of them prefer it better. Yes.

And *now* he's gonna learn it to us
like we were supposed to. *Damn!*
And maybe you weren't that
cocksure
a weekend they were checked in
and out of the gas station.

O higher than the grave,
always aware, under the occasion,
what kind of peace I don't know.
We're not gonna be here anymore.

It may not be the same thing:
ghost-published.
Liquidational. Then I wrote my
Minuet in G.
Help you guys. The kind of
messages we read
on the surfaces of certain clouds.

I remember last night I told you
what happened,
or the ... incubator. The response
has been lousy,
a veiled, intense gaze, that could
have as easily ...
It broke your sister's heart.

MRS. FOSTER'S PEARS

He said she was partially
undressed.

It turned out neither knew the
other's race.

Well, his dad says he was set up.
He began to record other people.

I've got a doctor's appointment
Friday
not dinner for quite a while,
and where it happened,
my silver dear. Or ear,
my sled less than a newborn stove
in his office somewhere.

Now he's scouting it,
the date on the drawer.

These are interesting to me.

Take a close look.

Alarming, the two sides had
come together.

Let's just say there are people in
there.

His father didn't laugh in this
manner

who failed all night

and didn't let us know when it
was ready.

What crumbles before it
crumbles?

An abundance of samples.

ANDANTE AND FILIBUSTER

Remember last month, when he
was saying
doomed lovers' syndrome uproots
us all?

They all wanna hear that,
and hanging them out to dry
slumpingly caresses
the center for new needs, and
we'll stiffen some near
the walled city and find 100
percent electricity of the vote.

(Not sure about *that*.) Funny you
should ask.

We got a small grant to have the
house inspected and
as a result of that discovered a
small crack
leading from the front door to the
basement.

Much thinner air here, although
the nation's salt and pepper
sprinkle the neighborhood. Hose
her down. Keep trying
to creep out, test ingot
possibilities.

Recently in the stores I spotted
preppy garbage. Grew a ten-gallon
hat shopping
in the ruins, how it feels around
the edges—something you do for a
moment. Brutally
obnoxious, I like to know who's
coming and going
and not be bothered. (Promised

to wake him up in July.) Still not
doing
anything to incur our attention?
Then you have followed all what
we have to say.

Cough it up—little green cross-
eyed slots.

No bricks. Just mortar. Ready.
Ready for a takeover.

The catalpas of reconciliation wilt,
proving, if little else,
why a good presentation matters.

THE RITZ BROTHERS ON MOONLIGHT BAY

We talked about the great error
that you can live with
and really can't afford to get.
It's Thanksgiving there, and
besides
we might not have room for the
next event
to get the old juices flowing.

A gay avalanche destroyed much
of the town.

Please, I thought we were
winning.

Set the wolves, I mean the dogs
on her, that is, him.

The stalled investigation proved
otherwise.

And give back the taxpayers'
money.

The space program cost too much
anyway.

Al and Harry had their moment in
the sun.

Oblivion swiftly followed, the
universe
playing catch-up, as
it is wont to do. Oh, bugger
the attendance record! I see a long
line
of attendees waiting, cock in hand.
She thought it was lumbago.
The handwriting on the wainscot
pledged otherwise.

All came from today backgrounds.
A fistful of s'mores
put death itself on the agenda
for future discussion.
How does that break down?
Minutes happening ... I don't think
so.
You stepping all over the
sprinkles.

BY THE BYPASS

Pucker your ankles. Don't freeze
the weapons, or
at this hour a lot of places are
going to be cooling down.

It's going to the fireside. Until
things get better.

They would never have anything
to do with finding real estate,
get to me through sheer sense of
place.

Three days packing fog,
abducted, later released, she
doesn't know how to get here.
The same feeling is appealing, it's
disruptive when

our fans get ahead. Those who
help me understood
henbane is box office poison.

Same for midlength weepies.
Those who understand them don't
necessarily understand,
nor play favorites when the other
children are near.

You tittered, like, is there
something I'm not getting here?

Oh shut up and do it.

He took advantage of her/me.
What is that like in your life?
It could never have happened.
Come with me somewhere.

STRANGE REACTION

Our networks will be joining you
in progress.

Let's break for lunch here, dry-
eyed,

alarming, and see what
everybody's talking about.

We can always resume our travels
for what they are,

and if that is so, if they're fun and
expensive,

why not number them? Things sag
if you make them,

or not. Elders give up

within the appointed time—Get
your lifestyle together

or something, miles from here,
much of it downstairs.

Go lie on the couch. Why, you
scheming ... From the cast-iron
villas of the sanctimonious to the
feathered huts

of the poor in spirit, a hush
fringed all night.

TALL ORDER

The narrative got punctured.
On a rainy night you can spot a
missionary,
though I don't think it's stupid
enough to get lathered up
about.

The revenooers came after the
affordables
and all was *durcheinander*, like I
say
it was. Burn every newspaper in
the country,

but if that's not possible, well,
I'll keep it between my legs
or some other barnyard denizen.
It was him who got into some
scrape yesterday.

We knew all along he had
followed the corrugated path
picking up crumbs like there was
no tomorrow, which
there isn't. But as long as you're
here
we may as well begin.

Dawn put in her two cents.

By then we were deep in
imagination.

Storks and secretary birds rose in
a single wave,

charming in its generality. A pink
jumper

stroked the trees. So, where were
you?

This was it? What we got all
cleaned up for?

Tomorrow will rob today of
croutons, I don't think.

so I would tell the fish story. Why
stop to tell the president?
If one is halfway lost in a
demented woodland,
what about the new book? Any
thoughts?
I bet Mr. Wrigley appreciates *that*.

BOTCHED ROLLOUT

Friends of the Tao curtail fancy
matters.

Are you an in-depth person?
Proud and sad?

OK, I'll be pleasant. That's how I
kind of fixed it.

Both of our kids were unlikeable
characters.

I could hear you perfectly with the
shades drawn,

you big man. Two sisters, one
permanently

claims, with a bit of practice, the
high estate

behind smilax. She's plain. Very
collectible. So the estimate

bill can go directly to him,
heading home from work.

Is that little brain you've given me
ever going to ring,

that piece of arrogance? Which
way to the weep-in?

The act of repositioning
downward has been pretty
much mothballed,

THE CLOUD OF KNOWING

There are those who would have
paid that.

The amount your eyes bonded
with

(O spangled home) will have to
work it out in a room

like they have certain chairs set
up together

which were violet. We all have to
fail

at end of days, yet not so pronto
she said. And lo, it was like a
breeze of vacuum

beyond the stiff perimeters
already granted us.

A whole goes. And then a whole
lot.

Most valuably, no one writes a
letter
to those sprinting up ahead, who
wouldn't read it anyway.

In Dodge and other windswept
places
the evening news took pride of
place.

Attentats were back. Parental
concern loomed. Peckers
swollen by the rainforest
beckoned.

Many liberals and even some
conservatives
called for a business replacement.
Jeez, you guys,
can't you hum anything? What
about little Elfrida?

He's not the famous young person
I knew.

That one had a lot of little bits in
it,
you know, soothing, from home, a
minefield.

CHAFED ELBOWS

A filthy compromise. Pass the
planchette.
My friends and I are going to have
to leave it here
about the enemy getting married.
And he gave me a whole new list
of dodgems to avoid.

The non-jury selection didn't
please him
then, nor afterward. No. He
doesn't like the shades down.
What do you need doctor
appointments for?
Changes of linen are then, as now,
optional.
Bernoulli was a Swiss architect.
Mathematician, maybe.

BUNCH OF STUFF

To all events I squirted you
knowing this not to be this came
to pass
when we were out and it looked
good.
Why wouldn't you want a fresh
piece
of outlook to stand in down the
years?
See, your house, a former human
energy construction,
crashed with us for a few days in
May
and sure enough, the polar
inscape
brought about some easier poems,
which I guessed was a good thing.
At least
some of us were relaxed,
Steamboat Bill included.

He didn't drink nothing.
It was one thing
to be ready for their challenge,
quite another to accept it.
And if I had a piece of advice for
you, this is it:
Poke fun at balm, then suffer
lethargy
to irradiate its shallow flood in the
new packaging
our enemies processed. They
should know.

The Gold Dust twins never
stopped supplicating Hoosiers
to limn the trail. There's no
Shakespeare.

Through the window, Casanova.
Couldn't get to sleep in the dumb
incident
of those days, crimping the frozen
feet of Lincoln.

EAST FEBRUARY

Out there the air is moist I
can tell walking through it.
Thank you so much for coming in.
It's late isn't it,
almost grotesque.
My crew will be in touch.

Not expecting friends
that you don't know yet are
coming.
Foxtrot,
performance art,
that I gaze on so fondly today—
this hymn to dowdiness
Howdy-Doody shaped ...

A mouse can show what works
even if no one knows why, he said.

HEADING OUT

A single drop fills the rainbow
glass.
The fountain overflows. How
come the purr
and passing of this every night
arrives
at stealth? Just—be prepared. If it
happens
every day around this time it
happens
more than twice. I'd wager this
one has nothing
in it. So's your old man. We get
called out
often on all kinds of suspicious
business, he decried.
Like when the kittens arrived—“*le
grand moment*”—
or when the kitchen sagged with
the weight
of the kitchen garden. You and she
shouldn't
be out around now, yet nothing I
would say
inflects your stalking, be it
antelope

or addax, or any number of
valuable and not so
permanent entries in the lifestyle
sweepstakes.

Some were summoned at the
sound of a great drum
and could not put off their
walking. Whenever they're
drunk
a ghastly change invades the
headlines. Here or elsewhere
both rank object and sturdy cult
fixture, everything fits,
and finding its place, loses it. Yet
so much memory
is stored in this little bin we'd be
sure to trip over it
if that were allowed.

I was in here two and a half years.
Missed the inauguration.
Hundreds of witnesses could have
sent you the heaviest rain.
I'll go over there sometime and
try.
The leader had been staring
fervently
like some Lutheran tea party, as
though everyone
and his mother was to shut up.
Like that.
What's more, the responsibility of
that
miscarries when it is rubber. Yo,
temple!
Hear what I'm sayin'? By the way,
have you turned *off* this ...
Well, I don't know what to tell you
about it.
Well I was talking about it,
doxology, sockdolager.
On French radio we're trying to
take a bad kind of thing
and close up at school.

Own the blankness.

Your napkin ring is bitch-slapping
America.

Can't take them out. The place was
above all creative.

Do you want these up? Bona-fide
curlicues

everyone talks about? The song of
mud

learning to handle it?

FARM HUBBUB

They will always be building
buildings.

That time in the good mountains I
spent,
flea markets we went to,
their appetizer, chintz.
Salvageable mutts.

Anyway, that's what it means.
Don't get all pushed out of shape,
and there she was! Their new
technique designed
to stop us, or at least infringe

in some tilapia joint.
Porcelain tools make it alright.
No use, it's fighting again. The
great collapsible
retro.

STUPID PETALS

Remark the comparative zip and
panache
of those beautiful hammerhead
sharks.

Farther down we get into reptiles,
the “bucket of mud club.”

I don’t even know if there was a
Klondike Scotty.

Lamassu, a protective deity
sketched by Gutzon Borglum,
intervened,
twice. And you could ... one of the
top—

Our weatherologist is here.

You’re talking to myself—
a slave never forgets its name.
I can put it off right now, summon
your blasphemous magician
friend.

So he's not thirty-eight yet.
Sure, Mario had a dentist
appointment.
So's your old man run weapons
through your eyes.
I wanted to read that book, close
the circus.
We don't speak to John again
and there's a lot of them.

Like other millennials I could get
you a line.
I wish I had been there!
Days you want to be careful,
you still have to live here.
Shopping wasn't safe. OMG. A
Fortuny
slick, basking on uninterested
waters,
turns to leave. But it's not over.

THEREAT

Kiss me. I'm sick.

TODD COLBY, "Friday and Baffled"

Nothing wrong with you, just
get me arrested,
because when you haven't seen
someone, nights become very
respectful.
Hers were not usually submitted
to
in our living room.
Just rub your hands there.

Fie, Cagliostro!

We circled down, rules are honey.

Is that a blackwatch,

a noticeable gift

to the hall where too much

happens?

You are the whole in your tight

truths.

You need all 27 of 'em.

Convenient here last night,

the lemon on the archduke ...

What is he, a fuzzy, jumping old

man?

Exact living requires that you talk

to but don't even touch me.

Professional raiders interpret all

of it.

When do they turn them over?

Quiet and adversarial at once,

a lifeless man, they say.

Onward to Christian bathrooms,

weak continuity, wok celerity or

celebrity.

Good lurk. You'll look back on

heavy rain and think

you were kept from enjoying us

and thrusting.

Let the birds run with the trees!
A beautiful day and
marine historians
complained we're all safe, from
 there on in,
of innocent people's headaches.
Once stapled correctly to your
 uncle,
scones are seduced.
Forget any mistranslations,
miscommunications. The past
loves you, baby.
Go sandpaper a horse.

ELEVENTH PLEASANTRY

Once the giant tickler is out of
your system
its equipment equivalent will be
brought to you.
Use it for goatseed.

Two solutions:
plagiarizes his own authors. For
shame!
Dopey music all the time.

All those don't render the house
unresonant.
Do what I can
in this unsuccessful world.

Don't smile that way.

RAMBLING STATEMENT

You can go out and talk to
someone
or pick at your face,
working through these issues.
Move in with us!

Kitchen police talked about
getting ready,
the way it was intended to be.
Any muscles would have stood out
at that horse.

Tacoburger counseling, all that
spunky food,
the Christmas tree ... Where did
that go?

Pettifoggery, or not? Catalyst
construction
continued about two feet away.
They used it for language
that somebody said once. Don't
answer it.

Leave things where they are.

Customs, *douane*,
displays of llama-butter, stingy-
pretty.

Your deductible!

He was famous for riding around
town in a black hat.

He suffered a long time ago,
and will love you forever.

THE ENTHUSIASTS

That building has won over
everything.
Here in high school opportunities
are numerous,
but what are they *for*?
You could live like a girl of
thirteen
in a single dream,
quash outside solicitations,
go back to sleep every time.

This is outside, and remiss:
It takes tools to deploy the core of
your dream,
face a common ford others have
crossed too,
on Saratoga waters, now and
again imbibing
notes of lemongrass and coconut.
I told him we don't get anything
from North Dakota.
Bilingual bullying was on the next
floor.

We had the most beautiful
morning and afternoon. We just
had lunch with
Dean Pavlov's proxy; the entire
breeze,
right on the tabletop here.
They're not going to sue their
money,
accident waiting to happen, which
you would need anyway.
Leonard doesn't take himself for
just anybody.

Ah, ça alors! Mais pas du tout!
A very good guide, no doubt,
bringing up fine images in the
guts of the past.
Occupy it by dint of occupying it.
I was saying that to you when
plotting new frescoes:
It was a comestible kind of love.
Get in and learn something.

Go smack into Mrs. Duvet. The
heart's buildings—
simply ripping. Half a building up
(and we need many), lock yourself
in
the lugubrious gondola. He was
just standing over there,
talking to them.

I was crossing the state line as
they were reburying the stuff.
You break the time lock, the
bride's canister ...
but we did say that we'd be back.

DRAMEDY

Things I left on your paper:
One of the craziest episodes that
ever overtook me.
Do you like espionage? A watered
charm?
My pod cast aside, I'll walk in the
human street,
protect the old jib from new
miniseries.

I could swear it moved
in incomplete backyards
to endorse the conversation,
request to be strapped in.
Then it will be time to take the
step
giving fragile responses,
and finally he wrote the day.

It happened in the water
so that was nice.

It comes ready conflated:
vanilla for get lost, flavor of the
time
of his sponsor's destiny. Be on that
sofa.

THE UNDEFINABLE JOURNEY

Where do you think you're
going to get lines to
punish the stranger with?
Cursing, destiny's piñata;
it's a surprise! (Partly sunny.)

O neat-o friend of mine,
to add a central target to the
mix is not to chase sea
monsters, real or imagined.

You drop the floor.
Small white chicken friends,
like life itself
over time last night ...
And, what have you done with
this one?

THE PIE DISTRICT

This is what we need to do
at a certain point (wait for it,
effendi): examine cheesy
knockoffs
of dubious provenance. Are we
ready to help yet?

Four negatives make a positive. I
even joined city hall.
Waves of attentiveness and
straight A's followed,
but I was so crestfallen, the ship's
little
dog seemed to think so. It
hung around impetuously.

They're the ones to get
somebody to do things, pick up
after him. We'll see who finishes
soon
in shock.

There was nothing not to like
about
the new self-monitoring system.
Yet strangely,
the pie district voted against it.
I, however, custodian of sang-
froid, made
a 180-degree swivel. The
bandoneon
keeps its goofy elixir
locked in its dark depths.

Thank you, by the way.

I saw the daughter of his king and
illustrator,

Mrs. Walter H. Browne, streaking
past the hedges

sparkling with dew, just as if it
were another time.

Lizzie! Lizzie Browne!, I
stammered. But she took
no notice of me, or the hundred or
so other guests
gathered on the lawn to salute
spring.

This is ominous.

And yet, I managed to gasp,
I'll have more of it for breakfast.

Two things that went up and
never

came back. I don't understand.

That must have been about
drinking,

feline intrigue. Can I go to my
doctor now?

The fan kid's still chewing on a
Fifth Avenue bar,

which they may not make
anymore

with or without 'tude.

It's been three years now ...
That's just it—we don't know!
Do it the hard way.

And we go out and visit.

DOMANI, DOPODOMANI

Once in a while a message arrives
here
from friends we haven't seen in
some time.

Family members try to reach us
to ask about old questions. Finally,
each of us
has some concern or other.

I can hear the signs breaking up.
To have half-lived in a balloon to
Fresno
solves it, at least for now.

Different ...
at home. After we've been in town
a few days
and may have moved, anywhere
but within easy reach,
this is kissing's only surface.
Midday suction.

It's savory—let's devour,
or do something about it, rusty at
the bottom
before we came to this past.

It was a moment, what can I say.

THE GOOFIAD

Um, it wasn't my project
to prise them apart.
Pale Jessica had come full circle.
Case in point: She spelled one
application
under presidential law. How it
became
one of the names one can't recall.

But on the other hand
good old people
watch the convention.
It's guaranteed,
and not be president.
People had yet to live

and believe your own cameras
which it probably isn't going to,
picking up the same thing.

Premium hype,
it's off-ladle. While out driving in
my car
repeating both of them,
we'll pull together and,
kind of interesting
that I heard you fix a lot more
concentrated ...

It was all anybody could do.
The garter store fell through the
cracks,
or if there was another way
I didn't know you were ticklish—
with a little note which said
Sing something subtle and
insinuating.
Aunts go to jail.
On the facial committee
equipment,
a woman by the name of Lottie
Timms.

This is the traditional way not to
kiss at all.

QUEER SUBTEXT

I'm really not into the past, a zoo.
Really not. Why are you doing that
for me?

Urinal my dreams, it seems. I
could think of something,
the angle of his shirt, perhaps. The
shatterproof screen door ...

Elsewhere in real cities, a few
biographies point,
postulate. The rare setback school
holds.

I saw young, freelancing, orange-
juice-in-the-desert,
mythical ladies of China (another
of those countries)
fallen together. I wouldn't send
her away.

Don't get on a train like this
(twisting one of her legs). You're
very liberal.
(Well, I suppose so. It's something
I imagined.)

You'd better decide what not to
do.

Everything is pop-up, my 3-time
advisor said.

He holds my ear. I'll be quite
honest with you about it.

A man alive, please welcome him.

Decent New Yorkers said I can't go
his way. He ...

Supposedly I'm president! A
wretch like me!

I hadn't heard the word.

DICKIE'S BORDER VACATION

Nobody knows whether I should
stay here with you.

The comics became devoted after
his mother died.

Cross mentoring, peer checking,
peer coaching were brought on,
with beans and leftovers. Like
most books, this one puts
a damper on me. On Sundays I
used to populate,

they were running out of steam
but didn't know it.

Now we like it. My face is too
young. Later, politics
would trample our undeveloped
theses.

Professor, I'm going to set you up
again.

Don't wheeze next time. Railroad
elders

would border on the interesting.

What of Lepchek, Spongey, Mr.
Johnson? Huntz Hall?

These and others, swept to their
doom over the solid-seeming
railing, make for clouded
sailing ahead. I'm going to start
working on it,

or the other. A rumble upstate
said, "No, they're not.

I told them eighty-six hundred
times. You got enough feet

to refer to, now, with mixed
success. A drop in pressure,

wine and fripperies, is what I can
do for you, drab gent."

Do you want to eat those sunny,
idle cakes?

If I can get a cancellation
to feign grand illness, alas, he likes
to take care of
each other. And I think, I really do
think that
a poultice ... Hey, I've been hungry
for two seconds.

You're staying without a gift. A lot
of liquid
from Latin hands will trickle
down to the strange Oz house
I affirmed to get back out of
business.

Morning glories, poppies ... and
they keep saying they want to
hire. Me? Oh, I saw him
throwing a glass of water
around,

told him not to participate. Whom
did you involve?

The Alps are for women, strictly
speaking.

It is definitely possible, in the
Slovak station,

to not be too sorry for her or she
would be putting up with it.

Well, you don't want it to. Perhaps
no outcome,

but impeccably located, shocking
images

in forests of creosote, making an
event possible. It's special-
loaded

with mind-chips for the tri-state
area. Dirt all election day.

We made so much money this is
almost on the house.

It was 1910.

A FOUNTAIN IN THE STREET

A pregnant ant circles the drain.

LARRY FAGIN, "Content Is a
Glimpse"

The fountain is dead.
The meadows aren't open
for reasons best known to
themselves,
in case you asked.

The refrigerator on the porch
liked it.
So, too, did Mrs. Roosevelt.
Everybody's been so wonderful—
more access, more experiences.

Fact: the Badger State is composed
of ferns
and feathers. Wild rice grows
there. The natives
harvest it in boats, banging the
stems with poles
so it falls off and covers the floor
of the boat.

Gym equipment was
underutilized, as always.
In my notes I had three or four
things I wanted
to draw to your attention, but it
no longer seems
important. I'll go out the way I
came in,
incidentally wishing you and
yours a happy Christmas
while we go visit our parent-kids
versus the people of Missouri
and Raymond Verandah and his
orchestra,
and turn up again. Be that way!

THE UNDESERVING RIVER

The tour we went on was a house,
actually.

Kittens lived behind its
clapboards,
rarely issuing forth for food.

A whole other hierarchy of beings
was established there, who saw
little need
to attend to business, e.g., a
letterhead.

At times around four o'clock a leaf
pile
would get blown by the wind.
Except for that the weather was
mild
especially by comparison with
what we thought
we had already experienced
in harder times, when things were
just so.

SUMMONED TO BEACH SPOT SAYS ACCUSED

The man said you needed a—
and he may have been right.
Here, I'll bring it over.

Skipper takes credit.
Well, let's hope so.
The knotted reply
come clear tomorrow morning.
That didn't seem to be true.

In the white shirt, less than a year
ago,
minute entries blown together
weed house sleep with men
comes after not too bad.

Married folks prefer the
texasburger.
That was in August,
freeway caucuses,
semiofficial, dun dugs.
The man said you needed a

to gain more customers.
Less than a year ago
a giant crab
in the sky above Tokyo
whispers compassion—

I know not what minds have fled,
Eheu!

Short of remembering can you
rate the coughs?

And some of you are dead.
Violence on the terrain.

Where you headed for?

BY GUESS AND BY GOSH

O awaken with me
the inquiring goodbyes.
Ooh what a messy business
a tangle and a muddle
(and made it seem quite
interesting).

He ticks them off:
leisure top,
a different ride home,
whispering, in a way,
whispered whiskers,
so many of the things you have to
share.

But I was getting on,
and that's what you don't need.
I'm certainly sorry about scaring
your king,
if indeed that's what happened to
him.

You get Peanuts and War and
Peace,
some in rags, some in jags, some
in
velvet gown. They want
the other side of the printing
plant.

There were concerns.
Say hi to jock-itch, leadership
principles,
urinary incompetence.
Take that, perfect pitch.
And say a word for the president,
for the scholar magazines, papers,
a streaming.
Then you are interested in poetry.

FLOWERS, RESTORATION

Yes, the great residential palaces,
the porter's station on Pitz Palu—
it all makes sense. Intentional? Me
lie here
with bonny complications from
sometimes,
the kind you wear.

Her wide
shoulders were born.

The cleanup effort extended far
beyond today's tousled
landscape.

What good did it do if everybody
was away, on business, mostly
trying out olive oil shampoo? Aye,
true geezers paced
the measured mile, in touch with
my father's
distinguished postal service, a
flight risk
for the several hours it remained
on sale,
their co-producer.

Anybody to
take care of yourself
breathes in the challenge. First
I'm gonna brush my teef.
What happens next is anybody's
mess.
And, I might add, a real treat
knowing you.

BLUEPRINTS AND OTHERS

The man across the street seems
happy,
or pleased. Sometimes a porter
evades the grounds.
After you play a lot with the
military
you are my own best customer.

I've done five of that.
Make my Halloween. Ask me not
to say it.
The old man wants to see you—
now.

That's all right, but find your own.
Do you want to stop using these?

Last winning people told me to sit
on the toilet.
Do not put on others what you can
put on yourself.
How to be in the city my loved one.
Men in underwear ... A biography
field
like where we live in the
mountains,

a falling. Yes, I know you have.
Trove of merchandise, you know,
“boomer buzz.”
Hillbilly sculptures of the outside.
(They won't see anybody.)

SUPERCOLLIDER

Past the gaga experiments
to ginger high school thriller days
I wheel fragile issues: a fight on
there,
bulbous antennae, a herald
carved alone in the archer
position—sweet!

We had a few people over to
celebrate the monotony of the
new place.
Meatless meat loaf. Roger. Over to
you. I took a piece of plain
foolscap,
my American University in Baku
stationery,
sole thing to be underestimated
here,
and set down just words that
wrote something,
probably as close as I want to
keep to it,

all the water and stringiness.
It feels like Sunday today
but it's Saturday. What does
Saturday feel like
on Sunday? Not that it's that
hard to remember—I'd always be
grinning and opened.
No protocol; heck, no manners
on flood watch. She's one of the
famed Gowanus sisters.
It hasn't affected the weather yet.

Do you get a sense of white table
settings,
the so-called vacant stare that
afflicts them
as adults on a sit-down strike?

Listen up, tenderfoot. Who says
you need to be awake
to appreciate poetry? The
landlady, that's who.

Where are they now?

SEPARATE HEARINGS

1

We'll put a hundred million
dollars over the
Brno chair
that I remembered seeing it
after they couldn't find them
The principle of a lifetime

The oft-embargoed news—
You gonna do it now?
In 1946
these men and all women
First
they won't see anybody

2

Already attempted, is not gonna
hold you in there
The governor had an issue with it
eating their supplies

RUFFLE THEORY

I'm the wardrobe expert.
Electrocuted! You can't mean that.
All those years nothing but his
 blond
ticking hair, and vote for him.
 Whomever.
And then we never did hear much
 from him.

He saw Henry Gray
and came up over the road
with money you collected.
Start running around,
otherwise it won't get done at all.

That's just right reason, burning
 all the time,
soothing, temporary relief.
Handsome and blue-eyed
is what I'm talking about.
Did we mention sensational?

Any day is yesterday
one of Dad's geraniums
no more than a foot away
looking sane
and reveal herself just a little bit
had been there for at least nine
years

hope you haven't done anything
outside

For me, those emigrants last,
a bundle of windows.
Kind of grief-stricken, were they?
He was having an emergency,
just what's on this morning.
No word on whether reverse
psychology worked.

THE PRICE OF EGGS

No one remembers Mr. Coffee
Nerves,
his lap of beads, allegedly sitting
there.

Families with pets, help me with
this.

Something may disturb him:
sun's parody, the price of eggs,
raw orange.

Who was that plant from?
She, somewhat evaporated ...
Would I laugh?
You are not to be concerned about
fish.

Extreme ants polished our
definition.

In the hooded phase, a second ago.
She may have broken loose
only among the treatises of those
provided for,
and work behind them
for dandies, for a princess,
trained buggers:
*“Up to 13½ million pounds of dry
goods sold.”*

ALL THAT, AND MORE

Suddenly I couldn't believe
you have to put it back,
must be intelligent,
bring sandwich money,
whether British or American.

We couldn't get enough cakes in
our family,
something to make it worthwhile,
some stance.

You like making amends, isn't it?
Throw the book at him.

It was nice everywhere else.
A Caribbean shithole
documentary told him
softly, as in an evening sunset,
into an emotional atmosphere
happy from gay.
They say I hit the neck, thank you,
down under the covers.
If I'd Google ...

Put eye drops in
into my personal window, dapper
Fred said.

He pressed the healed corollary
(this was after all his day away)
with the accuracy of a speed knife
putting and placing on the line
again
all foretold by Becky Mushroom,
leaving us walking into afternoon.
It was chaos like that
past our striated feet.

Gimme a break!
No I don't feel used,
though I have a less than human
face.

The usual definition of fun is:
quite comfortable when they are.

When you were happening to
him,
Nineteen barrels for five nights a
week.

You've fallen, roof,
graphite and herbs, having a good
time with us.

Deluxe your pilot right now.

Dr. Stinkhandler, this feeling of
helplessness:

all that, and more,
all hunched over,
over-egged,
frumpier lamb symptoms.

Then pile it on
like you wouldn't believe!

The pretty pieces,
a hundred salads,
that led to the eye doctor,
which led to the spa
(dangerous water).

There are four physical engineers
(if you don't want something
expensive on your writing
table)
could cauterize a tank,

qualify for the purchase.

We stopped yesterday with some
pamphlets,

overturned it to his grief.

The story got mentioned.

(Used to have scraps).

WARM REGARDS

*i remember today like it was
yesterday.*

GARRETT CAPLES, "Love Is Made of
Sky"

You want to think about it:
Everybody's frantic but Bob.
A tunnel from under
gave him a folded-up photo of
Dad.
I'll get you there
and provide you with the little
you know
to measure somebody.

I'm not hanging out with you,
generous to a fault.
Buy 'em large, when we talk
about foot sizes.
Somebody said it was about ten.
He didn't say it didn't,
and it would be there
for maybe half an hour.
Do you want it?

There's some type of instructions
in
November last year.
In Nerva Scotia people lost one
every night,
been out there shaking.
Don't think that you want to get
out.

The young men are building a
boat.
Definitely a freedom container.
That's what he does.

Ordered some wine.
It was right around here,
replaced by a little kid
come to see what you're gettin' at.
We'll requisition 'em.

There were preconditions.
This is unusual, morphs into
these other things, this modern
age,
a lot of finishing up to do.

THE HONOR ROLL

Jake came lurching toward me.

Was it this month?

No, it was last month.

I see. Then why did I leave the
research open?

As you came along the hall

I thought of a lot of things,

then this day, Valentine's Day,

which it isn't but there are a lot of
big spare pumps around.

A NEW DESIRE

Not so good anymore,
post avant-garde. How's that?
Find anybody still puzzled up.
Your marcelled feet were on the
stage:

If you could save our container
in Pennsylvania in October ...
The fire broke out/declared itself.
We drank the grass, drunken fish,
in servile mode. An antique
something about it.

You'll have to pay for brunch—I'm
too excited.
Milk and carrots from the editor
at
my beloved Sierras!
It passed inspection,
or they'll have found that too:
Fully understand
(gonna close some time,
pudgy rules, hyper airlines,
lifter-upper—a boomlet, so he
said).

There goes another one belies
any significant pores,
and everyone at home, officials
stressed.

Don't slide down the ones John
says they still aren't using—
the worst driveway in
western Connecticut.
He's right—it shouldn't do
anything,
culprit shoes. Why many have
passed on to the sun.

HOMESCHOOLED

That was never an issue.
That is, it was and it wasn't.

I'm supposed to be angry about
something.
Only you know what it is,
born ahead of time.

Headbangers, all.
You have to have some Elmer's
crayon juice.

Did you want to hang out a little
bit first
at my house
we were just talking about?

The quiet street is flagged.
He gets into everything.

I used to sing a song
he tried a few months ago,
explains Billy.
No, it just happened that way,

the new boxy silhouettes.

I'm in touch with you and I'm not
going to let you go.

Stay off that leg.

THE SPONGE OF SLEEP

Why waver? He won't stab me for
when we sat down widely
 pixillated
between the horizon and the lice.
We're off to the sea, someone said.
Let's direct it to us
and our various enjoyment. I hate
 it when
we're made of snot one
minute, stone so simple the next.
I would think first,
and then we were there,
sooner other than that.

Be one of those on whom nothing
is lost, advises Henry.

Well, OK. I'm awake. No problem
that I can see, unless it's running
out of raw material,
like his dog Jerry opted out of the
transubstantiation process.

It was ever thus:

Cabochon pluots weighted down
with

ananas en belle vue.

They drank Salada tea
in a statement.

We just gotta keep that stranded
one safe as before,
and getting out of here.

How far is the Old Log Inn?
I'd love to read it.

The woods are sorry for them.
Small rain will land somewhere.

COLORS

You should see through the ride.
At least that is the argument I've
 been hearing,
a misery at every time of night
including ghost calculus.

Yep what a story.
Keep on the trails
and of course, if you roll it all out
 right at the start, you've got
leftover motives to account for the
 window signature.

Maybe even some other decimal
 system? Who said not to
 elaborate when there's a
 surplus
of evidence? Not the man in the
 moon, surely. Steady
 compromise.

Been reading *The Hole in the
 Blanket* by Mr. Completely,
 already hailed for his seminal
 The
Spot on the Wall. I don't know if
 you ever tried to.

All this could have been avoided if
we aren't doing anything.
Serviceberry shot down by
squirrels,
you don't have to thank
everybody.
The charm of abuse sings in ways
we are not.
Or we can sit and travel, aimless
ceremony.
I paint feet. Summer pants. A
wave of translation
on the apples, like the friendly air
out there.
If they do so, they do so
disproportionately
to his three-year-old brother-in-
law,
who patted the expats in a
purgatorial whisper.
The inside of the crate had
expanded exponentially
from carrying one load of
artichokes.

Telethon, once it starts
we get answers phoned in from all
over.

David's not worried, and if he's
not worried, nobody else should
be either.

Banner with strange device ...

Locker-room privacy. Since many
have different opinions,
rob its family member.
Liberty Hall, indeed.

GRAVY FOR THE PRISONERS

I wouldn't try to capture it
on the page, or in a blog, the
inauspicious
leavings of a day. Closer to dream
than the hum of streets, and
people
who once walked along them.

Yeah, I know. Know what I'm
saying?
The grounds were ultimately too
large for the compound.
A tree takes flight, and patterns
are coaxed
into recurring on adjacent walls,
out of thin air.
No such titan ever visited
during my days as aedile. Yet
wisps
still buttonhole us in random
moats:
Was it this you were expecting,
and if not, why not?

GLOVE COMPARTMENT

“Did they mention a shawl?”

NICOLAS HUNDLEY, “Gothic Novel”

For treasonable us
we sold my brotherhood down the
stream.

I’m always surprised at
how green-tempered you are
toward other, frog-related chains
of weeks, or months, or

whatever you call them.
He devoted Christmas day to
finding out

all the news about Mama and
their three puppies.
The foundry was out and would
have to be relit,

nineteen years is enough. It’s not
overcrowded until the day we go
to the farm places’

blank pill.

Silence is everywhere, like silence,

is suspect, she being ...

We'll try to get home

throughout the air.

I don't want to have to speak to
you again

and have to unveil
you called her.

Can't they stay generated?

We're not going to start today

because that is awesome
which in turn stirs up the system
and

we are ready and we're still not
smart.

Put it up a little

to the great cleansing wind,
a gay, fat guest

or getting my train elected.

Can I be a medicine?

The innocence collected now
that's not, interestingly enough,

the easiest way to do it, is
her suit

sent me a bunch of little ...
Let my song fill your heart. It's

more than I wanted.
I had always wanted to do just the
right thing and fit in with the.
From more dishonest fences
loomed the percent.

I didn't have leave to be
the only justice that gets through.

It's so exhausting being a
medium, especially the 94th
military one.

Atta bugger ... He belongs in
passports now
the productivity panel has its
view.

Undressing her was unfunny
biscuit routine.

His share of the opera
betokens carriages.

Just can't live anymore.
Always happy to shoot the breeze.

PUSHOVER

Moreover, they'd like to have
at least an important committee.
Whispers should plainly open up.
Next, a tax on everything.

Does that make sense?
It's when your father was formed.
There's the weather and all those
 dogs or something.
Space could only hurt him
or agree with him.

Moving on, to western Coney
 Island,
sprawling temperatures suggest
we apologize for any
 inconvenience.

Or you could chew on it another
 time.

HONESTLY,

we could send you out there
to join the cackle squad,
but hey, that highly accomplished,
thinly regarded equestrian—well
there was no way
he was going to join the others'
field trip.
Wouldn't put his head on the
table.

But here's the thing:

They had owned great dread,
knew of a way to get away from
here
through ice and smoke
always clutching her fingers, like
it says
to do.

Once we were passionate about
the police,
yawned in the teeth of pixels,
but a far rumor blanked us out.
We bathed in moonshine.
Now, experts disagree.
Were we unhappy or sublime?

We'll have to wait until the next
time
an angel comes rapping at the
door
to rejoice docently.

(I know there's a way to do this.)

FRONT AND PEARL

This time it set off a lemon
telenovela.

Chickens bolted—bummer!
Just then the buzzer sounded.
No subtle docks ministered to it.

No longer pudgy, all get off free.
It was “a regular rout,” she
encouraged.

Sweet alyssum, you see, just
doesn’t cut it for me.

The Wall Street crash of 1929
hit us both hard.

That would be a fine way to
conduct things,
to bring it here, referring to the
doctor.

The long Hudson Valley flows
along
beside it, the river I mean.

She was the lemon target of
reality.

Here, I'll do the butcher.

Yes, the sun has officially set
until tomorrow.

The cathedral had an unfinished
look to it.

What will you dream of,
two months after we breathed?
I don't know but what he'd
cut us for the longest time.

Glance through your tendonitis
sheaf.

You'll find everything in order
and turn up again.

The nurses are getting nervous.

PSYCHIC BITTERS

Did he describe the blue stripe
again,
unelected governor?
And from trees to hospitals, one
story
perfectly formed suddenly
entered into eternal rest.

They won't have any additional
waves around the hotel,
who won't have been here long
enough
because somebody got the idea,
nor would a duck deal with
holiday baking and the like.

A DRUGSTORE IN DULUTH

Rejiggered, shy as I was, after
thinking I've won
it came to pass there were no
more attentive gestures.

That may be part of the joke.
Restaurants will reopen,
many buried in the county exit. Be
not beseeched.

Door muscles, an unholy
fragrance borders the faces on
the tree.

An inspector on a leash rinsed the
iconostasis.

From the electric counties
I sent it with his clothes.

O happy gloom! Besotted with
interiors,
Dutch still lifes circle the pole.

SAMBA HÉROÏQUE

You would probably know them
if you were stressed.

You were nice, safe, and strong.

These things get appreciated,
unearned, unfathomed.

But last night he wasn't so happy
about it.

Joining us in a statement is
the former governor, arrested,
asserted, in melted fruition,
to be crisply doomed,
not for a long, long time.

Don't touch this stuff.

It was a debate, unless—
of this, that, and the other.

Drunks in the night, arctic suburb,
party in an igloo.

I exercise seeking a lance
here or there,
like any sauce or syrup.
You would probably know them if
you
were stressed. And not be able to
know that.
That's what *you* believe.

POSITION PAPER

This is my outfit.
Government spooks did the rest.
 Didn't you know?
Not really. No one is in a hairier
 place,
my flat mountain.

I'm going to have dinner some
 night on the ropes.

Bottom line, no one was killed.
That way you retain ownership.
Droopy night brought on by the
old gray mold makers. It was quite
 ... unexpected.
That's why I think it's so
 important
the way squat noses learn, and
 fast.

Okeydoke, I'll tell you in maple
 shade.
Fast forward to the beginning of
 your Christmas present.
I have to turn this down,
to clean his pipes,
or clock, whatever.

That's a healing dressing
how many years late—
the continuous way to do it. Sorry.

My dizzy.

Pulled pork sliders clogged the
glee gate.

No one was killed.

Having a nightgown
under the armpits, darling? Dirt
and dare
can be forgiven eyeballing the
toiletry lottery
whose torque proclaims it other.

FORGET WHERE I HEARD IT

With pigeon force the air men
come clattering. It would be sad
if it wasn't so funny, one swore.

Stay out of the nettles.
Do not live above the shop.
His men may find you there.
Otherwise, as coma says, my
 beans, my peas, my coma
get read into the riot act.

That comes later.

After three decades of futility, you
 have to ask:
Who was this composer?
Was he known for anything else?
Is the mere survival of the notes
 justified,
or do we all survive this way,
 more or less?

CHEAP LEGS

His wives liked him.
To be comfortable in his facial
hair
is as much and as little of a man
as one can ask.

Languid articles you don't know
where
are what brought us to the party,
exchanged trivial sorrow for one
big one
just as the old man had predicted.
The moon, daubed an
inauspicious hue,
that night, was determined to see
it through,
“make an end run around
darkness,”
someone said.

As long as there
were two
of them, it didn't matter, or
mattered
in another way, like momentum.

And who's to say we didn't
gradually understand
our situation, along with everyone
else's?

The way a whole city, standing,
radiates glee?

The morning after, that's who.

BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR,

exurb. What were you driving at (when you said): Used to joke I'm in the retirement business. The snow is beginning to fall again. I'm wondering whether I should go out. How can you give orders when nobody is listening? A friend and two boys. Here where love was quiet it was possible to think discontinuously of the folds ahead, faith on a tricycle. Only it. Or she got a hole in her dress. It was a million to one it was something bad. The windows rattled as the train swept through at breakfast.

You may want to rethink that decision. Bother the others ... It was right there in his military book. You would have too oracle snow. You knew that. Everybody did. My dynasty, confessions of a lily from wire. That was a terrible thing to do purely naked. Grovelling conditions apply, not to go all agony aunt on you. You're not ready for this. No poet is, only you already came. The crane doesn't know if the weather will return. I don't want it. I don't give a shit. Something that would have fell ... the potato orchard with attached oriental kitchen.

They don't say please in heaven. All business is carried out in the pre-noon hours, leaving time for naps and reflection. This is the kind of life I was supposed to lead. What happened? you ask. Cutie pie went bye bye. Once the hypnotic hour of twelve has struck you are like any other paying guest, waiting for the intoxicating smell of burgers to waft up the stairway. When Doc moved back to our area he noticed the wretched smiles, legacy of our previous god. Who, he wondered, enjoys this kind of ambiance. And sure enough, it was Independence Day. And word went out: It's the right day but the wrong month. Go back to sleep. And they did (writing in the grass). The Fuller Brush man (clean-jawed) stopped by. See you down there. Lemme know. Just because Scooby Doo thinks you should ...

Dirt officials implied a small little BOMB. And sleep, trying to find them. Now I approve not just initiative A-13 but the whole dumb panoply, Uncle Ralph. Sign me up for festooned. They say she was last seen by a lake, crying.

You knew that. Everybody did.

A SWEET DISORDER

Pardon my sarong. I'll have a
Shirley Temple.

Certainly, sir. Do you want a
cherry with that?

I guess so. It's part of it, isn't it?

Strictly speaking, yes. Some of
them likes it,

others not so much. Well, I'll have
a cherry.

I can be forgiven for not knowing
it's de rigueur.

In my commuter mug, please.
Certainly.

He doesn't even remember me.

It was a nice, beautiful day.

One of your favorite foxtrots was
on,

neckties they used to wear.

You could rely on that.

My gosh, it's already 7:30.
Are these our containers?
Pardon my past, because, you
 know,
it was like all one piece.
It can't have escaped your escaped
 your attention
that I would argue.
How was it supposed to look?
Do I wake or sleep?

Institution's National Portrait Gallery for the catalogue of its 2014–15 exhibition *Face Value: Portraiture in the Age of Abstraction*.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

John Ashbery was born in Rochester, New York, in 1927. He earned degrees from Harvard and Columbia, and went to France as a Fulbright Scholar in 1955, living there for much of the next decade. His many collections of poetry include *Quick Question* (2012), *Planisphere* (2009) and *Notes from the Air: Selected Later Poems* (2007), which was awarded the 2008 International Griffin Poetry Prize. *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror* (1975) won the three major American prizes—the Pulitzer, the National Book Award, and the National Book Critics Circle Award—and an early book, *Some Trees* (1956) was selected by W.H. Auden for the Yale Younger Poets Series. The Library of America published the first volume of his collected poems in 2008. A two-volume set of his collected translations from the French (poetry and prose) was published in 2014. Active in various areas of the arts throughout his career, he has

served as executive editor of *Art News* and as art critic for *New York* magazine and *Newsweek*; he exhibits his collages at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery (New York). He taught for many years at Brooklyn College (CUNY) and Bard College, and in 1989–90 delivered the Charles Eliot Norton lectures at Harvard. He is a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters (receiving its Gold Medal for Poetry in 1997) and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and was a chancellor of the Academy of American Poets from 1988 to 1999. The winner of many prizes and awards, both nationally and internationally, he has received two Guggenheim Fellowships and was a MacArthur Fellow from 1985 to 1990; recently, he received the Medal for Distinguished Contribution to American Letters from the National Book Foundation (2011) and a National Humanities Medal, presented by President Obama at the White House (2012). His work has been translated into more than twenty-five languages. He lives in New York. Additional information is available in the “About John

Ashbery” section of the Ashbery
Resource Center’s website, a
project of The Flow Chart
Foundation,
www.flowchartfoundation.org/arc.

ALSO BY JOHN ASHBERY

POETRY

Turandot and Other Poems
Some Trees
The Tennis Court Oath
Rivers and Mountains
The Double Dream of Spring
Three Poems
The Vermont Notebook
Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror
Houseboat Days
As We Know
Shadow Train
A Wave
Selected Poems
April Galleons
Flow Chart
Hotel Lautréamont
And the Stars Were Shining
Can You Hear, Bird
Wakefulness
The Mooring of Starting Out: The
First Five Books of Poetry
Girls on the Run
Your Name Here
As Umbrellas Follow Rain
Chinese Whispers
Where Shall I Wander
A Worldly Country